NATALIE MERCHANT

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LADYBIRD

Hey, Ladybird, ain't it just the way, the way that love grows cold and then fades away? Now when he touches you, make no mistake, the fire's long gone out and the ash has blown away. You don't know how to leave and you don't know where to fly. You don't know what you feel but you know it's not satisfied today.

So many little ones, so many mouths, you've got a lot to feed and you know you don't know how. Making the best of it, somehow you're making do, making the best of the days that you stay and you wait in this cage they made for you. You don't know how to leave and you don't know where to fly. You've got a lot of things to lose, so you've got a lot of things to hide. You know you don't believe but you know you've got to try today.

You know the sweetest wine, it's a witches' brew, pours like honey down and then burns a hole in you. Yeah, you may think you're done but you're never through spitting out the bitterness to get the little sweetness you do. You don't know how to leave and you don't know where to fly. You've got a lot of things to lose, so you've got a lot of things to hide. You don't know what you feel but you know it's not satisfied. You know you don't believe but you know you've got to try today. Feel the winter bitterness; it's heavy on the wind, coming back again. Maybe it's time to fly, time to fly away! When you gonna spread your wings and fly? When you gonna fly away?

NATALIE MERCHANT: VOCALS / GABRIEL GORDON: ELECTRIC & ACOUSTIC GUITARS / ERIK DELLA PENNA: ELECTRIC GUITAR
URI SHARLIN: GRAND PIANO / JOHN MEDESKI: ORGAN / JESSE MURPHY: ELECTRIC BASS / SHAWN PELTON: DRUMS
JOHANNA WARREN: BACKING VOCALS / SIMI STONE: BACKING VOCALS / TAMAR-KALI: BACKING VOCALS / LISA KIM: VIOLIN
SHARON YAMADA: VIOLIN / QUAN GE: VIOLIN / JOANNA MAURER: VIOLIN / LIZ LIM: VIOLIN / SEIN RYU: VIOLIN / ROBERT RINEHART: VIOLA
VIVEK KAMATH: VIOLA / ALAN STEPANSKY: CELLO / WEI YU: CELLO / JOHN PATITUCCI: DOUBLE BASS / JEREMY McCOY: DOUBLE BASS
STEPHEN BARBER: STRING ARRANGEMENT / JACOB OWEN: COPYIST / SANDRA PARK: ORCHESTRA CONTRACTOR

MAGGIE SAID

Maggie said, “Dig one more shallow grave before I’m dead.” Maggie said, “I’m just looking for a place that I can lay my weary head. There’s no perfect end, just time to leave.” Maggie said, “They rig the table at the game of love.” Maggie said, “It’s just stupid luck if you rise above everybody sinking in debt. Win or lose, my friend, it’s so hard to leave.” Holding back, what did I get for all of that? What did it count for? Tell me that. Nothing, nothing, oh, nothing, that’s a fact.

Maggie said, “It’s so hard to find the golden fleece to spin my golden thread.” Maggie said, “You’re preaching to the choir, girl; now you’re not sticking out your neck. There’s no risk in that, darling, please.” Holding back, what did I get for all of that? What did it count for? Tell me that, tell me that. Nothing, nothing, that’s a fact.

Maggie said, “Don’t let them take that halo from your head.” Maggie said, “I can see you turning hard now, girl; don’t lose your tenderness. What’s the use in that? Darling, please.” Holding back, what did I get for all of that? What did it count for? Tell me that. Count for? Tell me that. Nothing, nothing, nothing, oh, nothing, that’s a fact.

NATALIE MERCHANT: VOCALS / GABRIEL GORDON: ELECTRIC & ACOUSTIC GUITARS / ERIK DELLA PENNA: ELECTRIC GUITAR
URI SHARLIN: WURLITZER PIANO / JOHN MEDESKI: ELECTRIC KEYBOARD / JESSE MURPHY: ELECTRIC BASS / SHAWN PELTON: DRUMS
ELIZABETH MITCHELL: BACKING VOCALS / JOHANNA WARREN: BACKING VOCALS

TEXAS

Gonna get what's mine and wild horses couldn't keep it from me. Papa says I'm a golden child and the whole world's gonna fall at my feet. It's all coming to me. Going down picking when it's harvest time, gonna get my share, gonna get what's mine for me. Sun is a-blazing down but I don't mind; I'm picking, I'm digging, it's harvest time for me. When I get my little eye on it, when I get my little mind on it, you best believe.

Ole sweet tooth aching in my head, gonna fill my belly to the brim, oh yes indeed! Hive is a-buzzing in a hollow tree and I don't care if I gotta kill a little honeybee. When I get my little eye on it, when I get my little mind on it, you best believe. Oh my, it's all coming to me. Gonna get what's mine and wild horses couldn't keep it from me. Papa says I'm a golden child and the whole world is gonna fall at my feet. It's all coming to me.

Pumpin' and a-suckin' till the well is dry, nobody's booming in these busted times like me. Down in Texas where the cattle don't roam oil is a-dripping and the savings and loans, they bleed. When I get my little eye on it, when I get my little mind on it, you best believe. Oh my, it's all coming to me.

Papa came along and he shook the tree; down came a bushel and a peck for me. Papa shooed away all the honeybees. Papa dug a well and it flowed for me. Papa caught the mother-lode fish for me. Papa set a fire and it burned for me. Papa put a skillet in the flame to fry; Papa filled this little silver spoon of mine. Papa said the Lord took a shine to me. Papa said I gotta set the whole world free. Papa said how it's gonna be.

NATALIE MERCHANT: VOCALS / GABRIEL GORDON: ACOUSTIC GUITAR / ERIK DELLA PENNA: LAP STEEL GUITAR
MARC FRIEDMAN: ELECTRIC BASS / ANDREW BARR: DRUMS

GO DOWN, MOSES

Moving on, moving on, isn't that what I'm supposed to do? Just hold it back and keep moving on. Pushing on, pushing on, isn't that what I'm supposed to do? But it's so hard to keep pushing on. I'm moving on, moving on, isn't that what everybody tells me I gotta do? But it's so hard moving on without you. Every morning waking in a fever wet and shaking, my heart inside me pounding, muddy water all around me. Cold, shocked and speechless, can't anybody reach us and why, oh God, why? Go down, go down, Moses, go down to the city of New Orleans. Go part the muddy water. Let your people cross over. Go down!

I'm moving on, moving on, that's what I'm trying to do, just holding back and moving on. Keeping on, keeping on, that's what I'm trying so hard to do but it's so hard keeping on without you. Gone and lost my patience with this hopeless situation, yeah, I'm alive, I'm a lonely sole survivor. Spared me for some reason so I'm picking up the pieces but why? Oh God, why? Go down, go down, Moses, go down to the city of New Orleans. Go part the muddy water. Let your people cross over. Go down!

NATALIE MERCHANT: VOCALS / CORLISS STAFFORD: VOCALS
GABRIEL GORDON: ELECTRIC & ACOUSTIC GUITARS / ERIK DELLA PENNA: ELECTRIC GUITAR / URI SHARLIN: GRAND PIANO
JOHN MEDESKI: ORGAN / JESSE MURPHY: ELECTRIC BASS / SHAWN PELTON: DRUMS / SIMI STONE: BACKING VOCALS
CLARK GAYTON: HORN ARRANGEMENT, TROMBONE & TUBA / EDDIE ALLEN: TRUMPET & FLUGELHORN

SEVEN DEADLY SINS

Well, of all those seven deadly sins I wore around my neck for him: Hunger, Anger, Lust and Greed, Envy, Pride and Jealousy—

There was one, I guess, that was the worst of all, that gave a little push, started the fall from grace that I took so hard, I took so long, so long and far. But I just couldn't spend me another night in the cold, cold bed of the butcher's wife, so afraid to fall asleep, afraid to wake and afraid to dream. No, I just couldn't stay, I couldn't wait it out and bite my tongue for another hour, one more endless day, day after night and night after day.

Well, it's been a two-year stint in no man's land. Nobody here really gives a damn so why can't we call it a draw in the bloody war to end all wars? In the bloody war—

Well, I'm far too quick with the poison pen, can't believe I'm writing again after all these goddamned years. And someday when the ghosts have all gone home, far too late to be rattling bones, then will you lay me down, lay me down? Oh, will you let it be? Such a bloody war—

NATALIE MERCHANT: VOCALS / GABRIEL GORDON: ACOUSTIC GUITAR / ERIK DELLA PENNA: LAP STEEL GUITAR / URI SHARLIN: ACCORDION
JESSE MURPHY: ACOUSTIC BASS / SHAWN PELTON: DRUMS / CLARK GAYTON: TROMBONE & TUBA / EDDIE ALLEN: TRUMPET & FLUGELHORN

GIVING UP EVERYTHING

Giving up everything, my hungry ghost of hopefulness. Giving up everything, not haunted by wanting this. Giving up everything, the fortune I was saving. Giving up everything, I mercy-killed my craving.

Giving up everything, I've opened up my eyes for this. Giving up everything, see the whole magnificent emptiness. Gave what I want for how it is, for the stone inside and the bitterness, for the sweetness at the core of it.

Giving up everything, the master plan, the scheming. Giving up everything, my cursed search for meaning. Giving up everything, the compass and the map I was reading. The hinterlands I'm leaving, I'm finally leaving behind.

Giving up everything, the big to-do, the hullabaloo, the tug-of-war for some twisted truth. For the everlasting ache of it, no longer slave, not chained to it, no gate, no guard, no keeper, no guru, master, teacher. See the slow-receding faces dissolve to black, no traces.

NATALIE MERCHANT: VOCALS / GABRIEL GORDON: ELECTRIC GUITAR / JESSE MURPHY: ELECTRIC BASS
SHAWN PELTON: DRUMS / JOHANNA WARREN: BACKING VOCALS / ELIZABETH MITCHELL: BACKING VOCALS / LISA KIM: VIOLIN
SHARON YAMADA: VIOLIN / QUAN GE: VIOLIN / JOANNA MAURER: VIOLIN / LIZ LIM: VIOLIN / SEIN RYU: VIOLIN / ROBERT RINEHART: VIOLA
KYLE ARMBRUST: VIOLA / ALAN STEPANSKY: CELLO / RU PIE YEH: CELLO / KURT MUROKI: DOUBLE BASS / JEREMY McCOY: DOUBLE BASS
NADÉGE FOOFAT & TONY FINNO: STRING ARRANGEMENT / SANDRA PARK: ORCHESTRA CONTRACTOR

BLACK SHEEP

Oh, it's no secret you know my every weakness. Oh, haven't the strength now, not enough to waste tonight. Oh, spark the fire, tinderbox of desire. Oh, Lord have mercy, the thirst I feel tonight. I can see that you can see my eyes. Black sheep up on the fence, you're a naughty little boy and you make me tense. Prodigal son, won't you come on home. The door's open wide, take a look inside, take a look inside.

Oh, my hands are tied now so you've gotta decide now. See, I just can't take it. Can't you see that I'm breaking? I can see— Black sheep up on the fence, you make me tense. Prodigal son, won't you come on home. The door's open wide, take a look inside, take a look inside. Bah, bah black sheep up on the fence, you're a naughty little boy and you make me tense. Prodigal son, won't you come on home. The door's open wide, take a look inside, take a look inside.

NATALIE MERCHANT: VOCALS / GABRIEL GORDON: ELECTRIC & ACOUSTIC GUITARS
ERIK DELLA PENNA: ELECTRIC GUITAR / URI SHARLIN: ELECTRIC PIANO
STEVE ELSON: SAXOPHONES & CLARINET / JESSE MURPHY: ELECTRIC BASS / SHAWN PELTON: DRUMS

IT'S A-COMING

It's a-coming. Wild fires, dying lakes, landslides, hurricanes, apocalypse in store like nothing ever seen before. It's a-coming.

Third-generation refugees, street mob burning effigies, revolution, civil war like nothing ever seen before. It's a-coming.

Pale-horse rider come, blistered by the morning sun, tell about what he can see, crystal ball of mercury. It's a-coming. It's gonna come.

Jungle slashed and jungle burned, the monkeys and the painted birds climb the vines, the limbs and leaves, the lungs that let the whole world breathe. It's a-coming.

All the ones that failed to thrive, starved out and buried alive, something evil, something free, calamity. It's gonna come.

Space Race, the old Cold War, atom bomb was gonna settle the score. You wait and see. It's a long time coming but it's a-coming. It's gonna come.

Third-generation refugees, street mob burning effigies, revolution, civil war like nothing ever seen before. Like nothing ever seen before.

NATALIE MERCHANT: VOCALS / GABRIEL GORDON: ELECTRIC GUITAR
ERIK DELLA PENNA: ELECTRIC GUITAR / JONATHAN DREYDEN: ORGAN
MARC FRIEDMAN: ELECTRIC BASS / ANDREW BARR: DRUMS

LULU

They said that Hollywood was never gonna be the same without you, still, you're gone. How could we forget that face and all that silver, flickering grace that died with the silent age? When everybody knew your name; they all knew your name.

Born wild like a prairie flower, she was sown by the wind and blown for miles. Kansas couldn't keep the child. Hell-bound for the Great White Way, for the tawdry-bawdy burlesque stage and Wichita was miles and miles away. Everybody knew your name. Everybody knew your name, they knew your name.

So you burned the candle, burned it at both ends. So love ends in scandal. You burned it brief; you burned it bright. And the light in your immortal eyes is the light that will never die. Christened in straight-up gin, Pandora was born in Weimar Berlin and that was the rise before the fall! Everybody sat in the dark, dark, black as night. Everybody wanted to go where the light was so bright and your shining face was gonna lead the way.

Homecoming like a heroine-bride but the honeymoon was over before you arrived and now they all cursed your name. Everybody cursed your name. Cold winds of Gotham howled and the princess pawned her celluloid crown in the glass castle walls. Where nobody knew your name. Nobody knew your name.

NATALIE MERCHANT: VOCALS / GABRIEL GORDON: ACOUSTIC & ELECTRIC GUITARS / ERIK DELLA PENNA: ACOUSTIC GUITAR
URI SHARLIN: GRAND & UPRIGHT TACK PIANOS / JESSE MURPHY: TUBA & ACOUSTIC BASS / KENNY WOLLESEN: DRUMS & PERCUSSION
LISA KIM: VIOLIN / SHARON YAMADA: VIOLIN / ROBERT RINEHART: VIOLA / ALAN STEPANSKY: CELLO / MINDY KAUFMANN: FLUTE
ANTHONY McGILL: CLARINET / MARC GOLDBERG: BASSOON / STEPHEN BARBER: STRING & WOODWIND ARRANGEMENT
JACOB OWEN: COPYIST / SANDRA PARK: ORCHESTRA CONTRACTOR

NATALIE MERCHANT: VOCALS / LISA KIM: VIOLIN / SHARON YAMADA: VIOLIN
QUAN GE: VIOLIN / JOANNA MAURER: VIOLIN / LIZ LIM: VIOLIN
SEIN RYU: VIOLIN / ROBERT RINEHART: VIOLA / KYLE ARMBRUST: VIOLA
ALAN STEPANSKY: CELLO / RU PIE YEH: CELLO / KURT MUROKI: DOUBLE BASS
JEREMY McCOY: DOUBLE BASS / TONY FINNO & NADÉGE FOOFAT: STRING ARRANGEMENT
SANDRA PARK: ORCHESTRA CONTRACTOR

That'll be the end of the road, when my battered, embittered body and soul will go home. That'll be the end of the war, when we finally lay down the barrel and the blade and go home. By the sea, so wide and treacherous, by the land, so dark and dangerous, how can we have so far to go?

That'll be the end of the law, of Bible, Koran, Torah, lost and gone. And the sea, so wide and treacherous, and the land, so dark and dangerous, how can we have so far to go?

That'll be the end of arms stretched wide, of begging for bread, of emptiness inside. And the sea, so wide and treacherous, and the land, so dark and dangerous, so far left behind. That'll be the end of the war, when we finally lay down the barrel and the blade and go home.

THE END

ALL SONGS WRITTEN BY NATALIE MERCHANT
PUBLISHED BY INDIAN LOVE BRIDE © 2013 ASCAP

PRODUCED BY NATALIE MERCHANT

RECORDED BY ELI WALKER & GEORGE COWAN
WITH THE EXCEPTION OF "IT'S A-COMING" & "TEXAS," RECORDED BY PAUL ANTONELL & ELI WALKER

RECORDED AT THE CLUBHOUSE, RHINEBECK, NY
ADDITIONAL STRING & WOODWIND SESSIONS RECORDED AT ELECTRIC LADY STUDIOS, NEW YORK, NY

MIXED BY ELI WALKER AT THE MAGIC SHOP, NEW YORK, NY

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PACKAGE DESIGN BY F. RON MILLER

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